A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
ſtampt in gold, but thats inſculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all vvithin. Deliuer me the key:
heere doe I chooſe, and thriue I as I may.

*Por.* There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there
then I am yours?

*Mor.* O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
vvithin whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule,
Ile reade the writing.

*All that gliſters is not gold,*
*Often haue you heard that told,*
*Many a man his life hath ſold*
*But my outſide to behold,*
*Guilded timber doe wormes infold:*
*Had you beene as wiſe as bold,*
*Young in limbs, in iudgement old,*
*Your aunſwere had not beene inſcrold,*
*Fareyouwell, your ſute is cold.*

*Mor.* Cold indeede and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
*Portia* adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loofers part. *Exit.*

*Por.* A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Salarino* and *Solanio.*

*Sal.* Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
vvith him is *Gratiano* gone along;
and in theyr ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.

*Sola.* The villaine Iew with outcries raiſd the Duke,
vvho went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.

*Sal.* He came too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile,
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
that in a Gondylo were ſeene together
*Lorenzo* and his amorous *Ieſſica.*
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
they were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.





*Sol.* I neuer heard a paſsion ſo confuſd,
So ſtrange, outragious, and ſo variable
as the dogge Iew did vtter in the ſtreets,
My daughter, ô my ducats, ô my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian, ô my Chriſtian ducats.
Iuſtice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter,
A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats
of double ducats, ſtolne from me by my daughter,
and Iewels two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtice, find the girle,
ſhee hath the ſtones vpon her, and the ducats.

*Sal.* Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
crying his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Sola.* Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
or he ſhall pay for this.

*Sal.* Marry well remembred,
I reaſond with a Frenchman yeſterday,
vvho told me, in the narrow ſeas that part
the French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
a veſſell of our country richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
and wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.

*Sol.* You were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare,
Yet doe not ſuddainely, for it may greeue him.

*Sal.* A kinder gentleman treades not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
*Baſſanio* told him he would make ſome ſpeede
of his returne: he aunſwered, doe not ſo,
ſlumber not buſines for my ſake *Baſſanio,*
but ſtay the very riping of the time,
and for the Iewes bond which he hath of me
let it not enter in your minde of loue:
be merry, and imploy your cheefeſt thoughts
to courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of loue
as ſhall conueniently become you there,
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
and with affection wondrous ſencible